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THE BETTER WAY

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EDITORIAL.

TRUTH was the head, knowledge the shaft, and love the feathers of the arrow that slew the triple-headed dragon, ignorance, bigotry, and superstition.

SOAP and prayers are recommended by Rev. Prince, of New York, as a means of combatting the cholera. He does not give the proportions, but it is perhaps safe to believe that circumstances control cases.

THE Cincinnati Presbytery decided to issue judicial proceedings against Prof. H. P. Smith of Lane Seminary for unsound teaching on biblical inspiration. The case will be opened in this city on the 17th of October.

UPON his arrival from Europe, Dr. Parkhurst was interviewed concerning his trip, and asked if he had visited any haunts of vice for the purpose of comparison, while abroad. "No, sir; I did not—not one," replied the doctor emphatically. It appears, the doctor has repented, followed by reparation.

MAUDLIN sentiment is not charity. True charity forgives when we are offended. The former only demands forgiveness from others, and is often met with very uncharitable denunciations when refused, thus proving the lack of charity in him who demands from others what he is unwilling to dispense.

THERE are mediums and mediums, and investigators should not judge all by one or two. The spirit world seeks instruments in every class of society in order to reach all who are hungering for spiritual food. What investigators can not find in one medium they will surely find in another, or others if they but continue their search.

THREE terrible railroad accidents last week are recorded to remind people of the cheapness of human life, though one was caused by inhuman fiendishness, planning a wreck to rob the car which carried a money consignment. The question again arises, how did these villains know that that particular train had money aboard?

BLESSED are the makers of peace, for to them shall peace be given. Every unhallowed thought returns to the sender laden with the impurities of low conditions; every unloving emotion finds its way back to disturb the sleep of its creator; every selfish deed rebounds on the culprit who committed it; while happiness is experienced in ratio to the pure thoughts and love sent out on a holy mission.

NEXT Sunday hails the opening of nearly all of the society meetings for regular services, some holding one service a day, and others two and three services. Those who could not attend the campmeetings during the summer, will now have ample opportunities of stilling their inner cravings for spiritual food. Every lover of the cause should make the endeavor to attend as often as possible in the course of the month's engagement of each speaker. This insures success to the societies and encouragement to the speakers. In endeavor only there is growth.

WE SEE by the secular press news that the Woman's Suffrage Convention recently held in Washington, D. C., nominated a candidate for president of the United States a celebrated English woman, whose residence is London, England, to wit: Mrs. Victoria Woodhull Martin. Why did the lady delegates pass by her royal highness, the Princess of Wales? Is it possible that intelligent American ladies expected that a single State would perform an act of folly by placing an electoral ticket, headed by an acknowledged subject of the Crown of Great Britain, as a candidate for the suffrages of free American citizens?

"RELIGIOUS introspection runs the risk of issuing in asceticism. It is apt to engender a frame of mind which looks with suspicion upon the real world and shuns its contact as though it were defiling," says the *Reform Advocate*. Religious introspection, or by what other name it may go, would be unknown to the world if selfishness, hatred, or intemperance had never been able to gain the ascendancy over man's nature. Such unnatural emotions as the above and others of its ilk are but effects of a cause implanted by practice and transmitted by heredity.

THE most sensitive are most subjected to nature's refining process, and thus do the most suffering when in discord with themselves or their fellow beings. Sensitives therefore must necessarily be pure, humble, and sympathetic in order to attract analogous influences upon themselves, else they feel discontent, restless, or melancholy, the penalties of sensualism, arrogance, and selfishness. The aphorism "Whom God loveth he chasteneth" undoubtedly originated from the fact that nature bearing on sensitives has an intelligent effect and this was misconstrued as the voice of a personality.

COL. STREATOR, the man who ordered private jams hung up by the thumbs, it seems is a Spiritualist. He has been visiting the spiritual campmeeting at Lily Dale, and there declared that the spirits assured him he did right. All we have got to say is, if any spirits indorse such brutal conduct, they are villainous spirits.—*Freethinkers' Magazine*.

CORRECT, brother; and any man who has such "villainous spirits" around him, or is possessed by them, is not a Modern Spiritualist, but one of Bible times, when it needed powerful mediums to free them from this possession. There may be a few Spiritualists of this ancient order still to be found among civilization, but this no more affects the moral of Modern Spiritualism than does the crime of a believer in Christ affect the moral of true Christianity.

THE BETTER WAY has expressed itself very emphatically in condemnation of the barbarous acts of certain military officers, "clothed with a little brief authority," at Homestead, Pa., during the late riots. We notice with pleasure that the conservative press of the country has been almost a unit in like condemnation of the uncivil and unmilitary treatment of the citizen soldier, private jams, but we are more pleased to learn from dispatches to the secular press, that a Pittsburgh Grand Jury has had the courage to return to the court full criminal indictments against the officers engaged in that shame and disgrace to the State of Pennsylvania and the country. We trust they will have a fair and speedy trial, and if, as we believe, they made a law to suit their own prejudices and executed it upon a citizen soldier, who did not become a machine, because he went to Homestead to protect property and sustain the laws of the State, then we hope they will be taught through fine and punishment, that law and not the arbitrary will of a military officer is the ruling force in this country.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

A friend writes in a personal note: "I left the Church because of its errors. I went into liberalism, and there I heard the errors of the Church expounded till I was wearied. I wanted something I did not know myself. I knew of the errors of the Church, or I should not have left. Then I tried Spiritualism. Again I was confronted by the same tale of woe. Why do not our lecturers preach on subjects that are foreign to all the past, telling us something we do not already know. I am hungry for genuine spiritual truth."

There is much for reflection in the above and expresses a largely prevailing sentiment; but it takes a many-sided view of life to reach all classes of thinkers. Some day, probably, spiritual mediums will be touched by a more united spiritual influence from the beyond, and then tell a different story. Until then, perhaps, it is right as it is.

A PEACE CONGRESS.

The congress which recently met at Berne, Switzerland, for the purpose of devising a project by which war between nations can be avoided, proposes among other things that organizations be formed in every country, to petition their governments to adopt the best

means to solve constitutional questions specifically; that the press be requested "to set forth only meritorious and instructive matter, and to conceal from view those things which are hideous" and that "schools, colleges, and universities establish an arbitration board for the settlement of all difficulties that may arise between them, not only for the purpose of elevating the moral character of the students, but to habituate them to arbitral functions;" also, "that societies and groups for peace should endeavor to have inserted in all commercial operations, associations or contracts, an arbitral clause."

PROGRESSIVE STEPS.

What is known as the phenomena of Spiritualism, or psychic force carrying with it independent intelligence, is rapidly increasing. Its later phases and manifestations are not confined to believers, or disciples of Spiritualism, or even quasi confessors of its truthfulness, but the range is broadening, embracing the most candid, and free among creeds—artists by profession, devout members of Christian Churches and their clergymen, as well as scientists, astronomers, geologists, and those publicly connected with the world's advance thought.

We have looked for this movement, and have had words of the kindest welcome only for all. The disclosures of Spiritualism have never been like "a light under a bushel;" they did not come to any class, profession, or division of peoples, but such gospel, bringing the truth of a universal immortality with its laws of continuous existence, had it been confined to a class only, or had its reception been conditioned upon the mere faith of its discipleship, would have been swallowed up and lost in some hierarchical organization, as it is sought to be by the priesthood of the Romish Church now, or else denied even the tribute of honest investigation by the world's thinkers.

But, like the mercy and love of God, voiced in the rain which falls on the just and unjust alike under beneficent laws, Spiritualism is for all, its phenomena open to the investigation of all, its blessings of knowledge, hope, and comfort are free to all. It is only an inherited prejudice which has kept the purely religious and creedal from its examination. We can hardly blame them, for the taint of a churchly heredity, supplemented by a catechismal environment from childhood, possesses a force which none of us are profound enough to measure.

Organized investigation by scholarly creedal thinkers, by Materialists and scientists who have accepted material laws and forces as the limitations of their researches heretofore, free-thinkers of atheistic mental tendencies, who have denied to personality and consciousness an existence beyond the grave—in a word, all intelligent classes, both in Europe and America, have been confronted with such a volume and class of testimony as to force them to examine for themselves. This is what has been desired, both by the intelligent spirits and those in earth who know the verity of their mission, and in the love of humanity seek to make that mission of universal acknowledgment and acceptance.

The shackles of creedalism and prejudice are breaking. The better and more cultivated mentality, moral and religious natures of the race are becoming emancipated. The disclosures of a living, active, spirit existence, with its teachings of a deity possessing a nature in harmony with his own laws, are turning the races of men away from old and imperfect books, whose limited but iron rules have so long held the intellect, and the conscience in thralldom, and poisoned the spiritual nature of man with fears based upon ignorance. Buddhist, Brahman, and Christian priests have long been "blind leaders of the blind." They knew no more than their flocks touching what was claimed in their books. We do not impugn their honesty, but we do, in full clarity, question their mental and spiritual insight, intuition, and intelligence.

But all these belong to a past and dying era. The true light, supplementing the highest progress which these systems of religious faith have brought to mankind, is now shining from a living spirit world, and it is fast dissipating darkness and error. We beg all our Christian and

skeptical friends to push their investigations, and thus add to the volume of testimony which establishes the truth in human lives and gives it a world-wide spread. We "who have tasted the good word of life and the powers of the world to come," will give them all sympathy, encouragement, and help, because of our own love for the truth, and our heartfelt interest in humanity, its emancipation, and elevation.

THE ASCENSION OF STANTON MOSES.

The issue of *Light*, London, England, for the 10th ult., contains a brief biographical sketch of Stanton Moses (M. A. Oxon) its late editor, with a very striking half-size portrait. From the article we learn that Mr. Moses was born in Lincolnshire, but in early life his parents removed to Bedford, a great educational centre, where the young man found most excellent opportunities for mental culture and that training which so eminently fitted him for his future career. His parents designed him for the Church, and upon the completion of his preparatory course, he entered Exeter College, Oxford, graduated, and was ordained a priest in the English Church in 1865.

His brief ministry was characterized by great powers of organization, and great vigor as a preacher. It was while engaged in clerical duties in the Isle of Man that he met with Dr. Stanhope Speer and the latter's accomplished wife, and the friendship then commenced was close and intimate, lasting through life.

Spiritualism was then claiming attention and the three friends determined upon a thorough investigation of its claims. He had the courage of utter honesty and the ability or discriminating power to sift and analyze all evidence, and the fixed purpose to exhaust the field, if such were possible. He was untiring; seances, lectures, books, personal intercourse, and discussion, nothing "was left unattended, unread, or unquestioned." Of course, his connection with the ministry of the Church was severed, but he obtained the appointment of English Master in University College School, London, and held the position until forced to resign it on account of illness in 1888.

He wrote for the columns of *Light* long before he became its vigorous and accomplished editor, associated himself with the Society for Psychical Research, founded the London Spiritualists Alliance, and was a born leader of English free-thought, but a Spiritualist through knowledge wrought in the loom of personal experience. "He recognized that it was either all or nothing, and he knew it was all."

As an author he was singularly clear and direct in his statements. His work entitled "Spirit Teachings," has made a profound impression upon the English popular mind, while his articles in *Light*, as editor, display the genius of the honest critic, the reasoning of the trained logician and the experience of one who knows of what he is writing.

His physical health has been precarious for some time. A trouble with his eyes, resulted in temporary blindness, necessitating the use of an amanuensis in his work of editing and to carry on his large correspondence, shadowed his spirit like a pall, and fearing a total disability to labor for the truth as he knew and loved it, he desired to put off the mortal and be at rest in his spirit home. His desire was gratified and on Monday, September 5th, he shed the mortal and ascended. His life-labors, weariness, and urgent desire for rest at the last, reminds us of his counterpart in activity of life and longing at the last for rest. Our personal friend, Bishop Gilbert Haven, of the M. E. Church, who, worn-out physically and dying with the African fever, whose deadly germs were implanted in his system during an Episcopal visitation to that mortal country, said in his dying hours: "Oh, I am so tired, I feel that I would like to lay my head in the lap of my Mary, and rest a thousand years, and then arise and work again."

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Mediumship without self-knowledge is like being in possession of a gold mine on a desert island. The aim of Spiritualism is to bring every true adherent to the cause into direct spirit communion; i. e., make of him a medium by which he can be reached in his own characteristic way.

As no two mortals are exactly alike, no two mediums can be found who are perfect counterparts of each other in their mode of communicating with their spirit friends or communicating the results of that communion. Thus no absolute rule can be laid down for the development of mediumship. Association with other mediums, sitting in circles where spiritual phenomena take place, attending lectures where more or less mediumistic force or magnetism is expended, or living in social harmony with one's surroundings, however, are potent factors towards this end. Moderation, modesty, and morality add lustre to the gift in its budding and lay the foundation for a high class of controls or spirit attractions.

Spirit impressions begin to manifest with the first budings of mediumship, and one's inclinations are the silent mentors of the class of spirits attracted. These speak volumes to the student of self, and point out his virtues and vices—his spiritual attainments and weaknesses, of which the latter are to be guarded against.

Of course, perfection is not immediate, though we exercise our virtues to their fullest capacity. But a faithful adherence to them finally overpowers all unspiritual inclinations or so-called vices, and releases the medium from unwelcome spirit attractions, or those conditions which are the cause of the many errors and discrepancies that find their way into our communings and phenomena generally. Even higher spirits are unable to give perfect messages through unperfected mediumship, and in comparison to such mistaken mediums can judge of their spiritual attainment. Perfect mediumship is dependent on perfect harmony with the laws of nature—physically, mentally, and morally.

The first relates to the physical body with moderation or temperance in all things as the guide. The second to the spirit or mind with modesty as the governing principle; i. e., being opposed to the egotism for eminence or the policy of ruling anything in the cause beyond self.

And the third relates to the soul or inner-consciousness with love as the motor in all one's aspirations and intentions towards man or the cause espoused. Morality or spirituality, however, may cover the entire ground if we regard the soul as the all of the human entity; but a little detail aids the young student, of which we have constant acquisitions in the form of new converts. And to these it is necessary to appeal to enable them to avoid the errors of many, who in the past, had not the opportunity of benefiting by the experience of others. Thus the motive of our article, and which we trust will not be regarded as a mere ebullition to fill up space.

Self-knowledge is the acme of spiritual development, and mediumship is the doorway to its accomplishment. May all so live that its acquisition is assured ere the portals are closed by death; for it is the greatest of all gifts and unlocks the mysteries of the universe to him who uses it rightly. It leads to the secret chamber of Nature's storehouse where the laws are hidden that operate in and through matter. It unfolds the beauties of the inner life to the outer vision ere the spirit breaks the bonds of materiality, and thus prepares it for its transition. It nourishes and strengthens the suffering soul while in its embryonic state and points the way to a higher perfection. Self-knowledge is the scalpel that dissects the microcosm of the universe—man—and opens the way for a comprehension of the light within—the truth as it exists in the cause. Such is the happiness all are intuitively seeking.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

What is termed knowledge, used in a popular sense, as applied to the masses, is a matter of evolution or growth. Each age, from the infancy of the race, has shed some portion of its ignorance and acquired a knowledge of facts, laws, conditions, and processes of the person and of the universe, which its predecessor did not possess. Every age of the world's literature discloses this fact. Every voice out of the past forbids us accepting the past in its revelations and teachings, as authority for the present. We may not impugn the honesty of the minds and hearts of the best thinkers and writers of any past age, but we have

no call to accept their reasonings or conclusions any more than a profound theological thinker and reasoner, like Dr. Briggs and others who are the stalwarts of this age, should be relegated to and bound by the old "New England Primer" and "catechism" in their thinking, reasoning, and modes of expression.

Especially is this true, in the hunt of the successive ages and generations after a knowledge of the soul of man and its future, or whether it has a future succeeding the death of the body. Not all the old manuscripts of the world, which embodied the highest conceptions and reasonings of their respective ages—the manuscripts of the Bible, Vedas, and Koran included—give any clear, well-defined expression of the soul's nature or powers or the laws to which it must yield obedience as does every known thing in the universe of God. They wrote according to their light, their development, and, in the higher knowledge and brighter light of this age, their conceptions were very crude, their knowledge very limited. It is not necessary to particularize.

The search after a knowledge of the soul, its nature and powers, and its future of being has been rewarded in this century as never before. And for the simple reason, that never before in the history of man has been occupied such an intellectual plane, or received such a moral and religious culture as is observed in all enlightened countries and among all advanced peoples. We to-day are making more advanced strides upon clearer lines of investigation than were ever known in history. We are standing upon the threshold of the invisible soul-world, and so near its actual life that the attuned of nature touch its verities and report its characteristics. Nay, intelligences unclothed of the mortal themselves meet us this side of the threshold and intelligently disclose the very matters for which mind and soul still in the mortal are so hungry.

The climax of design in creating a material universe, and a living soul or spirit to be developed within it, seems to be fast approaching. We now know that spirit is deathless, the soul imperishable; that like the earth householder it can leave its house, and exist as an entity, shaking itself loose from the crude matter of the universe. We now know what the old thinkers of an earlier age did not know, to wit, that the law of decay and disintegration, applicable to all matter, is not a law of the soul, that a merely material universe is not its final home, and that in its future existence, adapted for its progress, work, development, and the fullest unfoldment of its nature and powers, there is no death, and can not be.

This is an angel-mission age, and the angels are disembodied earth children. Such were the visiting angels of past recorded history, but the dense ignorance touching the spiritual empire of God, which envelops this material universe, forbade the comprehension of the fact. The trance medium John in his vision on Patmos, following his earth education touching angels, sought to worship a bright celestial, radiant in the glory of his own sphere, when the "angel" rebuked him and declared himself one of the old earth prophets. Paul, himself a medium with trance gifts, who had in spirit visited the third (soul) sphere, wrote to one of the Churches, that the unclothed of the mortal were "ministering spirits (angels) sent forth to minister" to the still earth-bound, and while the theologians could create a "miracle," something unnatural, and above fixedlaws, they could not accept so simple a truth as that announced by both John and Paul.

This age knows. And the age which will succeed us will know more. If we stand on the threshold of the glory-land beyond, to receive and give welcome to celestial visitors, our successors in the coming age will learn the law of a more perfect inter-communion of the two worlds of existence. It is in the order of unfoldment and is inevitable. Faith will then lay aside its many-hued spectacles, and the weary, speculating soul will rest in knowledge, and the race learn how to build a character and life in harmony with the laws of its spiritual being, and in consonance with its eternal comfort, associations, development, usefulness, and true happiness.

Promised me The Better Way by Dr. J. R. D.

JEWISH TO DISAPPEAR.

Reading in a periodical an account of the execution of two criminals, we were struck with the singular ease of these men; his mother, that while he did not care what retribution was made of the body, no picture of his head should be taken. "How I used to disappear now," were his last words, words which caused us as a world of thought and made us reflect on the various emanations that his spirit must have left on leaving its wretched tenement.

He wished to free from himself to erase every remembrance of his name and of his sad story. The unfortunate

This reminds us of a communication received in a private circle in Madrid, through a writing medium who was overcome by a painful emotion and wrote, convulsively the following:

"Are any of you clairvoyant? Tell me the truth."

"None of us possesses this gift," replied the president.

"You are not deceiving me."

"What interest should we have in deceiving you?"

"The interest of seeing me, for, if yesterday ye ran to see me march to the scaffold (heartless men, more criminal even than he that is sent to the gallows), you will feel now greater curiosity to look at me as a spirit."

"Bear in mind, good spirit, that we don't know who you are. It is evident that you are much confused."

"So, none of you know me? No one sees me! Since I left the earth this is the first moment of tranquility I have enjoyed. How happy I am! You don't see me nor know me, nor look at me? How good you are!"

The medium now breathed more freely and continued writing more quietly, the following narrative:

"It is sometime since I left the earth.

Born of respectable parents, yet I followed the down grade of vice; from vice to crime there is but one step, and I became a criminal. Thirsting for gold, I stopped at no means to become master of a great fortune, and one night—there should never be any night on earth, for night is almost always the counsellor of evildoers—one night I went—one night I covered my face with a mask and killed an old man because he refused to give me the key of the safe which contained his treasure. I was awkward, I did not know how to kill quickly, and the old man cried for help. People ran in, I tried to flee, I could not, a hand of iron seized me and tore off my mask. A cry of horror resounded—one cry only, and the man who detained me fell a corpse at my feet. I had not struck his body a blow, yet I had wounded his soul. That man was my own father! The knowledge that his heir was a wretched assassin was too much for the old man, he died of shame and horror, and for a long time, I believe, I was mad."

"They put me in prison, where I remained I don't know how many years. My family used every effort to save my life on the plea of insanity; it was true, partly, for I had lost my senses when I saw my father drop dead, but I was not mad when I committed the murderous deed; and the sons of my victim being men of influence, there was no pardon for me. At last I was put in *capilla*.

[In Spanish countries the criminal who is sentenced to death spends the last twenty-four hours of his life in a chapel hung with black cloth and all the paraphernalia of death and lighted by numerous tapers. There he is left alone to meditate upon the awful problem of the hereafter so soon to be solved by him, except when the priests come to exhort him.—Note by Tr.]

"Do you know what it is to be *incapilado*? It is the prologue to the execution—much worse than the epilogue. You may deem yourselves fortunate that you have not suffered that terrible ordeal!"

"Oh! methinks I am still there! What tortures the mere thought inflicts!"

Here the medium shuddered; he passed his hand over his brow, heaved a deep sigh, and resumed his writing.

"Verily, I was mad: I saw constantly my two victims—the old man and my father—gazing at me with frightful fixity. When I entered the chapel I ceased to see them. My joy was so intense that I screamed and laughed like a maniac. But when the priest beseeched me to be calm, to think how soon I was to appear in the presence of God, I understood that I was going to die and my despair knew no bounds. But that which hurt me most was the looks of the others. Their words of sympathy seemed to me a sarcasm, a horrible mockery, a cruel irony. So, if when alone I saw my father and the old man, I felt even worse when other people were about. I felt as though some one was whispering in my ear: 'Those who look at you now have been as great criminals as you.' And, oh! how tempted I was to hurl my fetters at their heads!"

"How shrouded in mystery are the last hours of a condemned man! Every one thought I was going to die contrite and repentant, and I was thinking how gladly I would kill every one of them for looking at me thus, if I were free. Their hypocritical compassion inspired me with uncontrollable fury, for I knew that at bottom it was nothing but an infamous curiosity."

"How shrouded in mystery are the last

"The same scene where I was to leave the chapel, where I found myself in the street my deepest remorse abiding. An enormous crowd was there awaiting my coming. Every face expressed relief, and at my fate, every one pointed at me with the fingers of scorn, all accused me, and I excused all, for I sought in vain a tear of pity but none gave it to me. As I gazed eagerly at the crowd imploring that single tear to cool my burning heart I felt soft rain drops falling on my brow. I looked up and said: 'The skies are kinder than man, the skies weep for the wretched who is marching to his death.'

"The rain increased, it soon fell in torrents, and many of the spectators went away, as though the tears of the skies had put them to shame. We reached the scaffold. I gave the crowd a last look of hatred, to the skies a last look of gratitude. The priest said something to me—I don't know what. After that I don't remember what happened, all I know is that they left me alone and then I saw my headless body lying prone, my head lay some steps further a livid, frightful, repugnant thing; it seemed impossible that in that thing there could have dwelt once the energetic will of a man. A dead man is always ugly to look upon, how much more so when he is the victim of human justice!"

"I don't know how long I stayed there. My father and the old man came for me: at the sight of them I fled, horror-struck—where to I can not say, but I saw again the cruel crowd that had accompanied me to the scaffold, and I turned away in haste,

for their malicious looks aroused anew my slumbering fury. But in trying to avoid the crowd I again met my father and the old man. They went surrounded by a sort of luminous mist, such as we see on earth in the morning when snow is falling and the sun coming out. The light snow is illuminated and assumes the appearance of a phosphorescent cloud.

"The light evolved by these two people enveloped me and I was mortified that they should see me in my bloody garments. I wished neither to see myself nor to be seen by others. I wanted the darkness of the abyss, not the splendor of the sky.

"I said to myself, soon the night will come; but alas! there was no end to that day. I thought and wondered. 'How did I come to leave the earth?' I could not tell, and kept thinking until some one, I don't know who—it is a long time ago—told me: 'Thou hast left it through the death of thy body.' Then, for the first time, I was alone, in the dark: I saw no one, I could not see myself. Oh! I thought I was happy. I breathed more freely, I felt a sad well-being. Then I heard your voices and the darkness that shrouded me melted away gradually. I see many things, but confusedly. I see you and you assure me that you do not see me."

"We do not see thee," said the president, "and even if we did our looks would not harm thee; for believe me, in our looks you should read only compassion, in our souls only the tenderest pity."

"Good, good! I thank you, I am grateful; but I had rather you should not see me. Whenever any one looks at me I feel the same impression I felt when the mask was torn off my face. No, no, I do not want any one to see me." And the medium's movements became painfully convulsive.

"Make yourself easy, poor spirit, fear not; we do not wish to see thee; what we wish is to hear thee. Come again whenever it will be possible."

"Yes, I will come, I will come, I promise you. Good bye."

On that same evening there came to the circle a clairvoyant medium, and through him the following communication was received:

"Brothers in Jesus Christ: pray for my poor son; pray for that unfortunate who came to you but a while ago. Unhappy one! He has cruel alternatives of terrible perturbation and admirable lucidity. Let your counsels make him love the light. He was weak, the pleasures of the world tempted him and he fell, but he is not a criminal at heart. He is ashamed of himself, a sign that there is something noble still in him."

"Call him among ye: make him understand that the earth is in a penitentiary of the universe and men are the convicts.

Tell him that light is universal and the sun has rays even for the criminal; that no one can live eternally in darkness.

Let him accustom himself to live among you, to study your history, and he will see that he is not the only Cain that mankind has produced. Work with me, ye good workers; my light dazzles and hurts him, yours will be more beneficial.

Work for the diseased souls of the universe."

This group fulfilled faithfully the charge given by the father of the unhappy murderer, and a few months later the troubled spirit told us among other things, these: "What an error was mine, brothers! I wished to disappear forever, to sink into nothingness, and nothingness exists only in the ill-balanced mind of man. The light no longer hurts me. Remember, or rather, see how much I have suffered, and, believe me, I advise you never to go and disturb a poor prisoner's last moments by your idle curiosity. Cruel is the criminal, cruel is human justice, but more cruel still are

those who run joyfully to see a brother die."

"I thought not of God. I hoped not for his mercy, my only wish was to die and meet no more those cruel looks."

Thoughts like these must have moved the prisoner who told his father "I used to disappear, mother, let them not take photographs of my head."

In what error man lives on this earth! Many, too many, believe that all ends here, yet neither does our life begin nor terminate here. We only write a chapter of our history, the prologue of which was written in the night of ages past, but the epilogue shall never be written in the eternal day of futurity.

Spiritualists! Let us continue writing down the new history of our lives, and do all we can to be able to leave this world without the fear of the yesterday or the terror of the to-morrow, so that our death shall be a restful sleep and our awaking a smile of happiness.

Let us pray for those who wish to disappear, let us labor earnestly to spread the light for the day when humanity becomes convinced that man does not die, scaffolds shall no longer be needed on earth. AMALIA DOMINGO Y SOLER. (In *El Precursor*, Mazatlán.)

THE LIFE OF MAN.

As bubbles which arise on the surface of the agitated pool, so is the life of man. Inflated with air, they exist for a moment, and straightway disappear—they return to the element from which they were raised, and so does man; his body dissolves, and the component parts thereof are deposited, each with its original element, and become undistinguishably blended with them. Is this the end, is this the whole of man? The soul, this thinking principle, what is it? What is thought? What constitutes the mind of man? Is it not by means of peculiar and wonderful organization of our bodies that we think that we feel the sensations of pleasure and pain? Can anyone demonstrate that thought is anything more than simply the result of those sensations? or that the mind is aught but a continued succession or series of thought? If not what is the inference, but that when the body dissolves, when that organization on which thought depends is destroyed the soul or mind of man will be extinct? Painful and gloomy idea, the hungerings and thirstings of man after immortality would induce him to think otherwise, and have induced him, in innumerable instances, to think, to believe that the soul or mind is in and of itself a permanent and an abiding principle, and that independent of the body, has an actual existence, transporting consolatory thought. When the soul can contemplate itself as having a future and an eternal existence, how must it leap for joy; how must all things which pertain to the body become annihilated when brought into view with this, but to the mind which is involved in doubt and darkness before which an impenetrable veil is drawn with regard to things future, how solitary and comfortless must all things appear; sensible of its own frailty, how ardent, how irresistible will be its desire to become acquainted with and allied to some living and abiding principle; doubting, and hoping, how oft will it address itself to some imaginary power, some unknown God, to the great first cause, to the author of nature, to the fountain of light, the source of all good. Eternal power, what art thou, and where art thou? or if everywhere, why dost thou not render thyself to me visible? Dost thou surround me when in the field? Dost thou pervade my lonely walk? Dost thou hover over me in the silent watches of the night? If so, oh that it were possible or consistent with thy will that the veil which hides thee from me might be removed, or that I might, in some way, be rendered sensible of thy presence.

WHERE ARE THE POETS?

The twilight of our American poets, to which Mr. Stedman called attention a few years ago, has been followed by almost total darkness. Lately Whittier passed away; a few months ago it was Lowell and Whitman; only recently Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, one of the best of our women poets, died, and last Saturday the serene soul of Dr. Thomas William Parsons crossed the harbor bar. Of the old circle—Bryant, Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier—only Dr. Holmes remains. Where are their successors? The field of possibilities is depressingly narrow. The review is impressive only because of the slender list to be made. There are, true enough, poets and poets. Almost every person of cultivation and imagination who possesses the artistic sense attempts, at one time or another, the writing of verse. Are the poets left among us really poets? Have they any pressing message for their day and generation? and if so, when will they give utterance to it? And is there any one now visible who deserves to sit on the empty thrones of Bryant, Lowell, Longfellow, or Whittier?

This group fulfilled faithfully the charge given by the father of the unhappy murderer, and a few months later the troubled spirit told us among other things, these: "What an error was mine, brothers! I wished to disappear forever, to sink into nothingness, and nothingness exists only in the ill-balanced mind of man. The light no longer hurts me. Remember, or rather, see how much I have suffered, and, believe me, I advise you never to go and disturb a poor prisoner's last moments by your idle curiosity. Cruel is the criminal, cruel is human justice, but more cruel still are

PROPHETIC SUGGESTIONS.

To the Editor of The Better Way

At a private seance in Melbourne, Australia, Sunday July 1, 1869, a gentleman who was present, was controlled to write to the spirit of Prof. Wm. Denton, and was engaged in writing for an hour. Some remarkable predictions were made as to the future mineral wealth of Australia, and as to the impending dangers of social convulsion which I here quote. The land is, according to the best authorities, favorable, more so than Argentina or Canada. There being no other work to be had, the colonist would try the best he could to draw his support from the land. If the land is not so responsive as expected, he has no alternative but to struggle along until it shall support him. Sentiment does play a part, more or less, in the lives of all men. The land, being bound up with his religion, with his past grandeur, and hopes for the future, the natural love that every man has for his native land would also contribute to the Jew remaining a farmer in the blessed land of Israel. Palestine being comparatively unoccupied and untilled, the Hebrew farmer would not be encroaching upon and crowding others out. He would not be a stranger in the land, for every stone and brook is well known to him. The whole world would be a market for him.

Experts testify that the wines of Palestine are equal to the best of France. Every Hebrew who uses wines would drink the wines of Palestine, where the grapes are picked and pressed by Jews, and the wines bottled and sealed by Jews, thereby being sure that it is Kosher, and helping the Jewish colonists. The outrages in Corfu last year resulted in helping the Jewish colonists in Palestine. It having awakened a sense of revenge, the rabbis in Europe and here have forbidden the use of the Greco-egregim for the Feast of Tabernacles, and have recommended the use of Palestinian esrogim, which are cultivated by Jewish colonists. The result is that last year there were used a good many Eretz Israel esrogim, and the prospects for this year are that none others will be used. This, according to the Chicago Tribune, is worth two and a half million dollars to the Jewish farmers in Palestine annually. Must we remain forever a wandering nation? Why not form a temporary shelter, which the storm of persecution can make untenable, when we can provide a lasting shelter where we can entrench ourselves and become well-nigh impregnable. To stop this being driven out from one country to another we must gain a country of our own. Has American independence not taught us a lesson? What has been done before can be done again. It has been demonstrated that when a nation wants to become free it becomes free. Yes, but where will the Jew, as a Jew, for a Jewish land be capable of showing his patriotism as the American for America and the German for Germany? The only land where he can and will do is where he has done so before. Every stone and every blade of grass will remind him of the prowess of his ancestors, of the Maccabean fight for independence.—*The Menorah for September*.

THE COLONIZATION OF PALESTINE.

To the Editor of The Better Way

The colonization of Palestine I find

one of the most attractive as well as the most difficult problems to solve. As a Hebrew Nationalist, I conclude, after a careful study of it, that it is favorable from all points considered. It is the only land where it is possible for a Jew, when becoming a farmer, to remain one. The land is, according to the best authorities, favorable, more so than Argentina or Canada. There being no other work to be had, the colonist would try the best he could to draw his support from the land. If the land is not so responsive as expected, he has no alternative but to struggle along until it shall support him. Sentiment does play a part, more or less, in the lives of all men. The land, being bound up with his religion, with his past grandeur, and hopes for the future, the natural love that every man has for his native land would also contribute to the Jew remaining a farmer in the blessed land of Israel. Palestine being comparatively unoccupied and untilled, the Hebrew farmer would not be encroaching upon and crowding others out. He would not be a stranger in the land, for every stone and brook is well known to him. The whole world would be a market for him.

Real money has two functions. It furnishes a standard of value, and it is a medium of exchange.

The thing by which value is measured must have a real value itself. Therefore the coins of the precious metals are the only real money that can perform all the functions of money. Paper representatives of real

money can very well perform the one function—that of furnishing a medium of exchange. But when this function is performed, then those who desire to turn into something tangible the results of exchange transactions desire real money.

Silver coin is real money as much as gold coin, to the extent that it has real value.

But a large portion of the nominal value of our silver coin today is based, not on the real value of the silver contained in the coin, but upon a credit given to it by law.

Law can give credit value to anything, but only to the extent of the credit of the government that enacts the law.

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The question, then, of failure or success narrows itself to this: Has Christianity done great things, infinitely great things; and has it all along been doing, and is it now doing, such things, for the very small proportion of mankind with which it professes to be effectually concerned?

Professor Huxley says frankly,

No. It emasculates and vivifies human character; and he exemplifies his position by the example of the saints of the order of St. Francis.

It is well to have such a good, bold statement of opinion.

Here is no shilly-shallying, and we now

know that there are some persons, of strong common sense, who think that Christianity is a failure, as having failed

to carry out its professions. It is enough

for me to point out that it is conceivable

that there are sciences, even "experimental" sciences in which Professor Huxley has not yet qualified himself

to be considered as an expert. Christianity professes to be such a science.

A strictly experimental science, only differing, in this character, from chemistry, inasmuch as the experiments and their conditions can, in the one case, be easily fulfilled and judged by the senses which are common to all men: whereas, in the other, they are professedly to be fulfilled and judged by few.—*Coventry Patmore in the Fortnightly Review*.

AN EXTRACT.

But has Christianity failed in doing that which alone it professed to do? It has not, and has not professed to improve bad or even indifferently good people, who form the mass of mankind, but it does profess to do great things when it is received in "a good and honest heart," that is, in the heart—according to Hamlet's estimate—of about one in ten thousand.

The question

Correspondence.

Echoes From Clinton Camp.

Many questions have been asked me regard to the work of the campmeeting and the query arises in the minds of many are they of substantial practical value? and are the results obtained commensurate with the effort put forth in carrying out this line of work? To this question we unhesitatingly answer yes. That there is much worry and vexation and amount of hard work connected with such enterprises, all fully understand who have these meetings in charge. It is one thing to come to camp, get comfortably settled and then enjoy the lectures, services, entertainments etc., and quite another to labor from early dawn until late at night, striving with all one's powers to make the crowd comfortable, and to prevent, as far as possible, the friction incident to such gatherings.

We have, unfortunately too many calling themselves Spiritualists whose Spiritualism consists mainly in having a good time and who do not seem to be under any obligation to make sincere themselves in carrying on the work inaugurated by the angel world. They rap at the door of the spirit world every day of their lives for tidings from the friends over there, and are satisfied when they receive the assurance for the five hundred times that the doors are open, and straightway proclaim to all with whom they come in contact that another wonderful test has been received. We do not wish to be understood as undervaluing mediumship, as we well know and have ever maintained that it is the one thing that makes Spiritualism as a religion of more value than systems built upon faith and the various creeds exist in the world. No other system pretends to furnish one iota of proof of the continuity of life, and mediumship must continue to be the foundation upon which the whole structure must stand.

The phenomena made manifest at the Clinton Camp during the present season was of a varied and most interesting character, and while there were manifestations of wonderful power and beauty, there were also exhibitions of so-called spirit power that would have been a disgrace to any street fair in the land, and we are compelled in view of the facts to ask the ever recurring question, why are these things permitted? Who is to blame and when will we have a better state of things? Why will good mediums for one phase or manifestation seek to supplement the same with shallow tricks and gross imposture to the disgust of sensible and level-headed investigators, and thus bring odium upon the cause and destroy their own opportunities for usefulness in the work?

It is, to say the least, reprehensible, for a medium who possesses marvelous powers as a slate-writer to strive to add to these powers materialization of exceedingly doubtful quality, crowding the seances with patrons at a dollar per head to witness clumsy attempts to perform feats that make one blush for their lack of common honesty. It is deplorable that the greed for the almighty dollar outweighs every other consideration with this class, and we opine this state of things will continue until Spiritualists themselves refuse to patronize such charlatans, and thus compel them to be honest in their dealings with the public, or betake themselves to some other vocation for a livelihood. And what shall be said of the crudity or mendacity, frequently both of these, who aid them in their nefarious practices. We would be the last one to decry any manifestation of the spirit through any instrument that can be, and to bring the light of immortality to hungering, thirsty souls, who are yearning for some way of brightness to dispel the gloom of midnight cast over the souls of humanity by the teachings of the past. But when an instrument of the spirit world, possessing splendid gifts in some directions, dons illuminated habiliments and masquerades before their dupes as ancient spirits of renown, and then dematerializes by repeatedly crouching to the floor and rising again, constantly changing their position until they are in close proximity to the cabinet, and then slowly sinking downward and backward through the curtains, and also clumsily performed that the curtains are seen to fall as plainly as the opening and shutting of a door, it is time to call a halt and demand that such practices be discontinued in the name of Spiritualism. It does not help the matter that such performers frequently attempt to shift the responsibility upon the spirit forces who operate through them, for if they are attended by a class of spirits who are willing to carry out such deceptions as they, as well as their instruments, should be ignored until they progress to a plane of common honesty and decency. Another thing too frequently practiced in seances for physical manifestations, including form manifestations, and which calls loudly for reform, is the practice of admitting from twenty to thirty-five persons at a seance, and when the usual fee of a dollar has been collected, the sitters are coolly informed that owing to the state of the medium, the conditions of the circle, and various other obstacles, they have grave doubts concerning the success of the seance, which is amply demonstrated as the performance goes on. The money, as a rule, is retained, and the sitters are simply fleeced of their dollars. In any other business this would be simply regarded as getting money under false pretenses, and why should we make any difference when practiced in the name of Spiritualism. If this class of mediums will persist in crowding their seances from a purely commercial standpoint they should, in simple justice, be made to carry out the contract, and failing to do this the parties so fecund should have recourse to recover their money. One thing more, mediums who are engaged by the management of campmeetings who give positive assurance that they can be depended upon, should carry out their contract, or give some good reason why they can not do so. People, in some cases, waited for days for the appearance of some favorite medium whom in the past they had obtained complete satisfaction, others were attracted to the meeting by the assurance that these parties would be present, quarters for their special accommodation were held which only needed to be obtained by the co-operation of their faithful guides. Many who never before attended a meeting of the kind, and were longing for a word from some loved one who had crossed to the borderland, came hoping these things were true, yet trembling lest their dearest hopes be shattered. No one could doubt the value of campmeetings, as such parties with faces lighted with joy, or bathed in tears, related the tests and messages received from their angel loved ones, giving them the positive assurance that they would meet again in a brighter and happier world. There

WILL C. HODGE.

Lily Dale, N. Y.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie writes under date of September 20th from Cassadaga camp grounds, where she has been sojourning for a month, that the closing of the camp does not mean a suspension of work. Improvements for the next season have already begun. The newly elected member of the board, Mrs. A. E. Peterburg, has remained upon the ground to date, manifesting an interest and earnestness which is good to behold.

Mr. Pierre Keeler and family are still here, and Mrs. Leslie, of Boston, a member of their family, has not yet left. An occasional seeker after truth drops in for a slate-writing and goes away happy. Mrs. Carrie Pratt, of Boston, wife of the well-known trance physician, was one who a few days since received two well-filled slates, written in a manner making it necessary to use a mirror in reading them. The messages were also of a very interesting and characteristic nature.

Mrs. Mary Ranisell, whose cottage is near the auditorium, left on Friday to spend the winter with her children in Chicago. The evening before she left, a few of her friends gathered at the Lillie cottage to give her a pleasant send-off. Dr. and Mrs. Carter took their departure last week. Mrs. Smith, of Indianapolis, is still in her cottage and working as usual. Capt. Powell, who built the two steamers, will go to Cleveland to-morrow. Up to the last few years, until sickness prevented, Mrs. Skidmore has been the one who personally directed the decorating of the platform (having, of course, kindly aid from other hands) and doing many other things, has had a good substitute in Mrs. D. Henderson, and most thoroughly and faithfully has she performed her part. Mrs. Henderson may go to her Cleveland home with the words, "Well done, good and faithful" following her. Her two sons have already returned there for their winter of schooling.

The district school opened the first Monday in September, under the good management of Miss Grace Phillips, who was so successful last season. President Gaston and wife were here on a short visit.

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Monday morning, in company with some friends, Mr. Lillie and myself again visited that sublimest and grandest of all the scenery of our continent, if not of the earth, Niagara Falls, which needs no description at my hands, and which my pen would fail to describe if attempted.

Still while so near as when at Buffalo, one feels that once a year at least it is well to gratify the spirit enough to pass into that state of awe, reverence, and ecstasy which is awakened when nature manifests so wonderfully her power and glory. Taking up a paper on Sunday and reading this little gem, which contains so much hope for sorrow-touched mortals, that I want to close these notes with it:

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"Through gloom and shadow look we
On beyond the years:
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Boston, Mass.

On Sunday, September 18th, the Society for Ethical and Spiritual Culture which, under the direction of Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, has for some time been occupying Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street, removed to more spacious quarters in Arcade Hall, 7 Park Square. The new temple for spirit communion is capable of seating about 400. It is conveniently situated, may be entered from Park Square or Carter Street, and is removed from the noise of the electric cars. At 11 a.m. a developing circle was held which was largely attended. In the afternoon the hall was filled. There was an opening invocation and address by Dr. Roscoe, of Providence, R. I. Another speaker answered questions. Mr. Geo. V. Cordingly, of St. Louis, gave several impromptu poems. The latter also gave numerous tests which were in every instance recognized. The Rev. Geo. Morell, of New York, rose in the body of the hall and stated that he had received the best test he had known in thirty years. At 7.30 p.m. the room was packed. The program was similar to that of the afternoon, with the addition of speaking by Rev. Geo. Morell, Messrs. Eccleston, Edwards, and others. Mrs. Wilkinson presided with her usual ability. E. J. BOWTELL.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. C. D. Pruden, our spiritual adviser and secretary, was called east to the bedside of her sister, who was dangerously ill and given up by the attending physician. But through the efforts of kind spirits through our lecturer, I am happy to state the sufferer has recovered.

Sunday evening, the 18th, Mrs. Pruden's lectures were resumed for the coming winter. The audience was large and noticeable for its intelligence.

The intention of the Washington Union was to have built a church this year, but it was thought best to defer it until next. W. J. B.

again in a brighter and happier world. There

were many good and true trances, real, clear, roviant and psychometric mediums present space fortifying even the mention of their names.

The campmeeting was an unequalled success, the array of mediimatic talents it could not be otherwise. The music was good, the attendance large, we believe all who are in the habit of attending the campmeetings and have witnessed the satisfaction expressed by a great majority of the campers will concur in the opinion that their value for good can not be overestimated when taken into account the influence derived from these centers.

To many persons throughout the country these meetings afford the only opportunity for investigating the claims of Spiritualism and they look forward to camping time as the brightest experience amid the cares and occupations of daily life. There is another class to whom the campmeetings are a pleasure and of special value people who must be nearly related to Nicodemus of old who stealthily sought the truth by night, lacking the backbone to stand squarely upon their feet and assert their right to believe and think for themselves lest they incur the displeasure of Madame Murdy or somehow lose caste in modern society. They will not investigate at home for fear of possible consequences, but can slip away quietly for a few days at camp where they can receive the knowledge for which their souls are hungering and they go home, in a measure, satisfied, and possibly take with them that which shall grow and expand, giving them in due time the courage to assert their individuality, enabling them to cast off the bonds of fear and ecclesiasticism, and to stand forth as free and independent men and women, ready to wage battle against the hosts of bigotry and error. Yes campmeetings are of practical and lasting value, and mediumship must continue to be the foundation upon which the whole structure must stand.

The phenomena made manifest at the Clinton Camp during the present season was of a varied and most interesting character, and while there were manifestations of wonderful power and beauty, there were also exhibitions of so-called spirit power that would have been a disgrace to any street fair in the land, and we are compelled in view of the facts to ask the ever recurring question, why are these things permitted? Who is to blame and when will we have a better state of things? Why will good mediums for one phase or manifestation seek to supplement the same with shallow tricks and gross imposture to the disgust of sensible and level-headed investigators, and thus bring odium upon the cause and destroy their own opportunities for usefulness in the work?

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Summerland, Cal.

Some last report of our campmeeting held here we have been agreeably entertained and instructed by our brother and sister, J. L. and Mrs. Eliza Wilson Merchant has interested her hearers very much in giving her grand ideas on so beautiful a theme. The conference developed in the course of the meeting that there had been a creditable campmeeting of large proportions. The grand total of trances was a splendid success. The ordination service was held on Saturday, and many were largely attended after an impressive invocation by Prof. T. S. Loveland our pastor. Eliza Wilson Merchant delivered a lecture on the Philosophy of Spiritualism and was formally ordained to the spiritual ministry by Prof. L. Loveland and H. A. Tolson. Miss Pollard then presented her with the bouquet that symbolizes her mission to the spiritual world of this earth. The bouquet composed of red, blue, white and purple flowers opened the gate of inspiration. The seed poured forth their streams of love on the bruised hearts of humanity; the blue expressed the completion of truth in which she labored for the advancement of human kind; the white the perfect purity of action of nature and of life; purple, the golden band of wisdom guided and influenced by angelic bands wielded by her, who from the hands of W. H. Cornell received the certificate of ordination to the Spiritualist ministry.

Miss Merchant then proceeded to discourse upon "Truth." The music of the occasion was furnished by the choir and the orchestra, the direct fruits of the indefatigable labor of Prof. Jos. Pierson. "There is no fire-side how-ever defended but has one vacant chair," just as was the chair of our noble leader vacant, but kind hands had placed upon the beautifully decorated chair mid wreaths of flowers his beloved instrument—the violin. The professor himself occupied the chair and led the orchestra as of yore, but he produced celestial music from strings of pure silver upon a violin of shining gold, and his bow was studded with diamonds, while his silvery locks waved in gentle undulations breathing the harmony of this heavenly music. This was the lovely scene presented to those who are possessed with that not altogether unmixed blessing clairvoyance. One of the greatest enigmas presented to the skeptical mind to-day is to see a young girl thirteen or fourteen years of age stand on the rostrum before a large audience and discourse upon subjects, the profoundness of which would do credit to minds of very mature years, yet such a surprise awaited those who attended the medium's meeting and witnessed the debut of Miss Lydia Allen. The question of spirit control is somewhat complex to my mind, but as a fact it was completely demonstrated in the speaking of Miss Allen, she being totally unconscious.

Miss Lydia is the daughter of Wm. P. Allen, late from Texas, and whose father was Secretary of State of the Republic of Texas. Our program for the ensuing week will be one full of interest, and next Sunday will witness the memorial services in remembrance of those who have donne the robes immortal. Yours, W. H. CORNELL.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

A pleasant surprise party was enjoyed at 257 North Ionia Street, at the new residence of Mrs. Skidmore has been the one who personally directed the decoration of the platform (having, of course, kindly aid from other hands) and doing many other things, has had a good substitute in Mrs. D. Henderson, and most thoroughly and faithfully has she performed her part. Mrs. Henderson may go to her Cleveland home with the words, "Well done, good and faithful" following her. Her two sons have already returned there for their winter of schooling.

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Seattle, Wash.

The spiritual work is progressing rapidly in our beautiful city, and we have been favored by the visit of several good mediums and speakers.

During the last three months Professor Peck lectured to fair audiences, but tests is the cry of the majority. There are but few who are advanced enough in this thought to appreciate the lectures of Moses Hull, P. C. Mills, Professor Peck, and others who have visited us occasionally. Mrs. C. Cornelius, of Portland, Oregon, has been with us some time, meeting with great success in his hall work. She lectures and gives tests at the Olympic Hall on Second Street every Sunday evening, almost every seat being filled by anxious seekers after truth. She is a noble worker and her efforts are fully appreciated.

Meetings are also held in the old Masonic Hall on Sunday by Mr. Alfred Cromwell, one of our local test mediums.

Mr. Harlow Davis, of San Francisco, who is well known as a platform test medium, arrived last week, and announces his intention of remaining a few weeks. He held a seance last week in Olympic Hall, which was well attended. His tests are convincing to the most skeptical.

JOSEPH M. PARTRIDGE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Kate Schroders, president Fraternity Society, wrote that Mrs. Abby Burnham delivered a lecture before the Beacon Light Ladies' Aid, which was extremely gratifying to those gathered for spiritual food. A number of tests were given after the lecture, which were equally as satisfactory. Mrs. Burnham has also been engaged to minister to Brooklyn Spiritualists during November and March of the coming season.

New York, N. Y.

The meetings at our hall, 44 West Fourteenth Street, have been resumed under favorable auspices, with Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham as speaker for the present and Mrs. Ada Foye and others to follow. In our audience recently were Rev. Phoebe Hahnford, Miss Ellen Miles, Anna Dickinson, and others well known to the public. There is room in New York for many societies and for much work, which is hoped, truly spiritual will willingly help us do. H.

The BETTER WAY being the cheapest Spiritualist paper published and the avenue for the best and leading minds to express their thoughts, it should be read in every family circle. It will be sent on trial three months for 25 cents.

W. H. EVANS.

Hamburg, Ia.

The large Lyceum Hall was dedicated the 15th ult. by Elgar W. Emerson, clairvoyant test medium. The hall was handsomely decorated; among the decorations were the mottoes on the wall in gilt: "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again," "The truth shall make you free," "Know thyself." A large picture of the medium hung above the platform and an old worker in the cause, Isaac Vaughn, below.

Quite a number of people from a distance attended the meeting. Mr. Charles E. Winans gave

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Women's Corner.

Writing for The Better Way

"Not worth the candle," said myself
The shortest hour of life's shortest days
Are bitter and inglorious hours
For the setting sun bright gems.
Thus in eternity's dimness.

"Not worth the candle." Have you dimmed
Life's beginning sun, and bowed its friend?
It had been another part to lead
Our heart whose mission is divine
Had made God's another peace abide.

"Not worth the candle." Have you dimmed
Life's golden gifts and bright suns?
Not poor, many sweet success
From your own pale, thin, wan part,
That comes from giving with a kindly heart.

"Not worth the candle." Such a gem
To wear with the radiant and the pale,
For the soul might regret
To give itself to the pale,
Like to eternity's dimness.

WOMEN IN LITERATURE.

Many years ago a lady's entrance into literature was hailed either with florid compliment or a cold sneer. No such reception is given her nowadays. While no analyst, however, of human nature so keen as Thackeray, and no literary caricaturist so full of genius as Dickens, has ever emerged from the ranks of women writers, it is certain that, with the exception of those great novelists, George Eliot had a true insight into humanity and a nobler touch than any male writer of the last half century. She would certainly stand third to Thackeray and Dickens, while some would place her second among the three. In poetry the last fifty years have shown women standing on the very steps of the throne where the laureate sits. No poetess of the preceding ages ever struck as deep and true a note as Mrs. Browning in her Aurora Leigh and her shorter poems—works of which any male writer of our day might be proud.

Women were told that to mind babies, cook dinners, or mend stockings was their natural vocation, and exceptions like Anna Seward or Hannah More were hailed as prodigies. Now nobody denies to a daughter the right to pen, paper, and ink, and if she can begin by earning a few guineas for an essay or a story in a magazine the fact is treated as a matter of course. It is sometimes said by those who regard fiction as frivolous that it is all very well for the ladies of literature to write for us stories which help to while away a passing hour, but that sterner work must come from men. A story which is not merely a story which provokes thought and keeps itself alive beyond the season, which rouses controversy and excites contradiction, is Robert Elsmere—a work from a woman's pen. When will male rivals influence politics and religion as Mrs. Beecher Stowe and Mrs. Humphry Ward have done by the sincerity and earnestness of their tone?

Of course there is a seamy side to this new development of our literature. A few women take advantage of their sex to write tales that are not true, not healthy, and not pure. They draw coarse pictures of men's smoking-rooms and clubs as if they knew all about them. They revel in Latin and French quotations, sometimes misspelled, and always dragged in by the head and shoulders. They delight in libertinism and call it liberty. They revel in allusions to eating, drinking, and midnight dissipation. They are for the most part unsexed creatures, neither men nor women; queer things in petticoats, with a morbid taste for the society of dissolute bachelors. Other novels written by young women are objectionable because their sins against delicacy are due to ignorance. When an unmarried girl, who has audacity and genius, attempts to describe love, she is sometimes bolder in her coloring than any man or woman who has had experience of life. She writes things that shock, just as a babbling child can bring confusion in a drawing-room by its courage and simplicity.

These faults of feminine literature, however, are inevitable incidents of immaturity. Young poets are just as foolish, and so are young male novelists. The main point stands that, as a story professes to represent life as it is, all the young authoresses of the day are at a disadvantage. Few women ever attain to what may be called a full knowledge of life. While unmarried, or if married early and happily, they learn little of the grim and ugly realities of the world. Even when they search for the facts, a great deal is unknown to them because they see life as observers rather than actors. The wonder is that they do so well, and the explanation is that intuition and inspiration come to their aid.—*London Telegraph*.

HEALTHY ADVICE.

The following interesting scrap from the life of the accomplished wife of President Garfield should prove an inspiration to American girls—an extract from a letter of Mrs. Garfield to her husband when he was in Congress:

"I am glad to tell that out of all the toil and disappointments of the summer just ended, I have risen up to a victory; that silence of thought since you have been away has won for my spirit a triumph. I read something like this the

other day. There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes the labor happy. Perhaps this is the way we have been able to climb up higher. Come to me one morning when I was making bread. I had to invent. There I am compelled by an inevitable necessity to make our bread the summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation, and make it so by trying to see what perfect bread I can make? It seemed like an inspiration, and the whole of the bread brighter.

"The very sunshine seemed doing harm to my spirit into the white leaves, and now I believe my table is furnished with better bread than ever before and this truth, as it is creation, seems just now to have become fully mine—that I need not be the shrinking slave of will, but its regal master, making whatever I do yield me its best fruits. You have been king of your work so long that may be you will laugh at me for having lived so long without my crown, but I am too glad to have found it at all to be entirely disconcerted even by your merriment. Now, I wonder if right here does not lie the terrible wrong, or at least some of it, of which the women suffragists complain. The wrongly educated woman thinks her duties a disgrace, and frets under them or shirks them if she can. She sees man triumphantly pursuing his vocations, and thinks it is the kind of work he does which makes him grand and regnant, whereas it is not the kind of work at all, but the way in which and the spirit with which he does it."

Written for The Better Way.

The Atonement.

ALICE SINCLAIR.
Ho! ho! good Peter there! within
Thy heaven, free from guile and sin,
My entrance I beseech thee.
Fling ope the gates of mercy wide.
I'm faint and weary, sick beside,
Oh! let my cry now reach thee.
Oh, horrible! oh, wretched sight!
I shudder and recoil with fright;
I sicken, and my heart turns cold.
Must I, to be within the fold
Of all the happy and the good.
Pass thro' those gates besmeared with blood,
Re-spattered and besprinkled o'er
From wounds the saintly Jesus bore?
And suffered there on Calvary's tree?
Nay! Nay! dear Lord, let me be free,
To pilgrimage on earth return,
And by my works my heaven earn.

FEMALE M. D.'S.

The women physicians of England won a great victory over the bigotry of official medicine when a month ago at an extraordinary general meeting of the British Medical Association, Article IV. of the constitution of the association was expunged by a vote of more than three-fourths of the membership. That article declared women to be ineligible for election as members, and it was added to the constitution of the body in 1878, when there were in all England only eight qualified female practitioners of medicine, while now 1,10 women are registered as physicians, and still they come. In 1878 the vote for exclusion was almost unanimous, and it was fondly hoped that the women would consider themselves barred out of the association forever, and that their ambition to become doctors would be damped. The results reflect great credit on the women; they won the battle by the most honorable means, by meeting all the requirements of the most exacting medical examining bodies in the world, and not at all by exercising the "blandishments of the sex." As for the medical association, that body surrendered only when its position had become illogical and ridiculous.—*Twentieth Century*.

TRYING TO DO TOO MUCH.

There was once a woman who was the despair of all the other women of her acquaintance. Her house was as pretty as possible, and always in perfect order; she kept it on a very small income, and kept it beautifully; she made all her own clothes and those of her child; she trimmed hats for herself and all her sisters; she did fancy work; she painted chairs, thereby saving sometimes as much as 75 cents; she taught a class in a mission sewing school; she took lessons in cooking; she belonged to several charitable organizations—and the end of that woman was nervous prostration and a sanitarium. Amid her many occupations she had somehow lost sight of the fact that a certain amount of amusement is necessary for the human mind. She had never "had time" for rest or diversion. And her husband, as he paid the bill for medical services, possibly reflected how much better, and not only better but cheaper, would prevention have been than cure. *Jenness Miller Monthly*.

DO NOT DECEIVE THEM.

When the children are ill, don't tell them that the medicine is "nice" when you know it is positively nauseous; do not induce them to swallow the dose under the pretense that it is "good." Children never forget white lies of this sort, and their confidence, once shaken, never regains firmness. Better by far tell them the simple truth, that it is disagreeable, but necessary to their health, and you desire them to take it at once. Ten to one they will swallow it with half the trouble of coaxing and worry of words, and love you better for your firm, decided manner. Don't teach the children, by example, to tell white lies to each other and to their neighbors. Guard your lips and bridle your tongue if you desire to have the coming generation truthful.—*Boston Investigator*.

INTEGRITY.

That involves a disease of physical nature, inseparable of the cerebral decommission, and is generally recognized. There is now no question of doubt of its being hereditary and no one doubts that it is acquired by social causes. That it is also a disease of the moral nature, engendered by allowing the intellectual faculties to remain inactive, by not exercising the power of conscience and will, by permitting the power of appetite and passion to dominate over conscience by the lack of positive character, by defective moral education, and by the want of self-culture, is equally as certain, and can be as clearly proved.

Dr. Day.

The Men That Are To Be.
Moss not for vanished ages
With their great heroic men.
Who dwell in history's pages
And live in the poet's pen.
For the grandest times are before us.
And the world is yet to see
The noblest worth of this old earth
In the men that are to be.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

LITERARY.

A RATIONAL FAITH, or a scientific basis for belief in a future progressive state, or a faith in traditions and dogmas irreconcilable with reason, etc., etc. By Hugh J. Sor Browne. Published by George Robertson & Co., Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide, Australia, 1892, pp. 155. Paper covers. Price one shilling.

We are indebted to the courageous, honest, and accomplished author for a copy of this most interesting publication. It should be in the hands of every Spiritualist, and every investigator of its philosophy and phenomena, and we hope its author will soon make the necessary arrangements for placing it on sale in quantities, both in this country and in Europe.

Mr. Browne is an Englishman, a business man of intelligence, having a large family, and blessed with wealth. He was a devout member of the Established Church, but emigrated to Australia for more extended business pursuits. He is a medium, and so also his accomplished wife, the mother of a large family, many of whom possessed psychic gifts from birth. His Australian experiences are wonderful reading, though the reader wipes the involuntary tears from the cheek on reading the breaking of the family circle by unexpected and sudden removals of the grown-up sons and daughters by death. But these sorrows only opened wider the gates of spirit life and brought the increasing and more convincing testimony that the absent still lived, and that the family remained unbroken in its love, its union, and communion.

For purpose of recreation and health, Mr. Browne with his family made a visit to his native country, travelling by the way of San Francisco and New York. The psychic powers of himself and family brought wonderful results in seances in both these cities where they were entire strangers to the mediums, and in public halls where they were personally unknown to anyone. On their arrival in England these phenomena continued, and Mr. Browne was constrained to give some of his striking experiences in Spiritualism at a public convention held in Bradford, England, which awakened general excitement. The pressure upon him to place these experiences in type and give them to the public, is answered in this little volume. It contains so much we can not quote from it now without doing the work injustice. Its reading has strengthened our faith and warmed our heart.

During the visit of the family to England, the angels called a beautiful daughter, the youngest, Lillian Violette Browne, to their home in the deathless land, and the sorrowing family laid her earthly form in Highgate cemetery, London, on the 9th of September, 1891, the father pronouncing a touching address at the grave, which is given in full in the little volume.

For the facts recorded, for the light it will shed; for the comfort it will impart; for the good it will do a doubting, troubled, fearing, and speculating humanity, we renew our desire that the volume be placed within easy reach of all American readers. Such experiences, being the facts of life, are worth more than thousand speculations and the dreary philosophizing of myriads of cultivated brains who do not know.

A GOOD TESTIMONIAL.

SEATTLE, WASH., Nov. 2, 1892.
I should like to say a few words in behalf of Dr. W. F. Lay and his treatment. I have never seen anything equal it, and it is so pure and contains no poisonous drugs. I took it last winter, and its effects are wonderful, and made me feel like a new person. I was extremely poorly. I visited Dr. Lay and relatives in Leadville last summer, and have daily seen letters from all over the United States and Canada, also France, England, and Germany, bringing good reports of cases under his treatment. It is wonderful, the effect his Magnetized Remedies have at a distance, and even across the ocean in foreign countries, most being entirely cured. I would advise all in need of treatment to consult Dr. Lay. He is doing a vast amount of good, and is truly a grand and true friend to the sufferer. Most respecting,

Mrs. N. A. DEGROOT.

Female Weakness Positive Cure.

To THE EDITOR:
Please inform my readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which afflict females from 15 to 50 years of age. I will gladly send two bottles of my remedy *postpaid* to any lady who will send her Express and P.O. address. Yours respectfully, Dr. J. B. MARSHALL, 35 Greenwich Street, Utica, N.Y.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

CONTENTS ~

Charles the First	Frontispiece
The King's Last Message. Poem. Martin. # 111	1
Maroon Women of Jamaica. Allan Lee	2
June Roses. Poem. E. H. Chase	3
Two of Nature's Children. Margaret Knapp	4
Household Pets. Edwin H. Morris	5
Yesterday. Poem. Mary H. Keast	6
Before He Thought. Harry Romaine	7
Something About Paper-Making. T. Alfred Vernon	8
The Youth and the Brook. Joel Benton	9
The Three Fates. Concluded. F. Marion Crawford	10
In My Garden. Poem. Mrs. S. H. Snider	11
Mrs. Fremont's Home. John Coburn	12
The Story of a Short Career. Mary Golding Lamman	13
Making Your Will. M. Helen Fraser Lovett	14
New York's Training-Schools. M. E. J. K.	15
Topics of the Time. Helen Leah Reed	16
An Ideal Home. Mrs. Edward Elmore Brock	17
The Library. Mrs. L. R. Zerbe	18
Art at Home. Ella Rodman Church	19
Garden Trellises. S. B. Comings	20
Scandinavian Help. Sarah Kilham	21
Jellies and Jelly-Making. Katherine B. Johnson	22
Wild Greens. Irene Canfield Churchill	23
Simple Remedies. L. E. Chittenden	24
Fashions. Jenny June	25
Costumes. Virginia	26
Correspondence and Queries	27

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The Home-Maker is the same size as the other leading magazines.

You need The Home-Maker for your wife, your family, and yourself. Nothing has such a refining influence as literature of this class. Then it is intensely practical in its treatment of household and domestic affairs.

Husbands, make your wives a present of this splendid magazine. Young men, you could not please your best girl more than by sending her The Home-Maker for a year.

The Home-Maker is a superb magazine, each number containing about 100 pages of most entertaining, instructive, and attractive reading matter for every member of the family. In size, make-up, the variety of its features, and the general excellence of its departments, it compares favorably with the leading magazines of the country. The table of contents of the June number, as shown in the reprint of the cover above, gives a definite and correct idea of the variety and ability that mark the contributions to this elegant publication. It is a magazine for the masses, and is thoroughly in touch with the best thought and action of the American people. It is edited by that versatile writer and unquestioned authority, Jenny June (Mrs. Croley).

Have you ever heard of such an offer as The Home-Maker and THE BETTER WAY for one year for only \$1.50? We make it. This offer must be accepted promptly, as we reserve the privilege of withdrawing it at any time. Address

THE BETTER WAY CO.,
206 Race St., Room 7, Cincinnati, O.

This remedy for all forms of Diarrhea, except the last stages of cholera, was first compounded by a druggist, by the name of Busted, at a time of general sickness. The receipt was given to the public, but returning home he caused it to be forgotten by all but a few persons.

A Michigan physician

United We Stand.
My dear Sirs—The time has come when we must stand together to meet the great crisis which has been created by the action of the Legislature of the State of New York. We have been told that the Legislature has been called to meet on the 1st of October, and that it will be adjourned on the 1st of November. We must all stand together.

PERSONALS AND LOCALS
Mrs. Ada Foye, of Omro, has been one of the leading speakers at our meetings. She has given a number of lectures on Spiritualism, and has held other meetings throughout the state. This work has been done in a spirit of self-sacrifice and enthusiasm, and has been well received.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS
A personal note from a prominent member of the Union Society, Mr. Wm. A. Laddie, of Milwaukee, has been a source of great interest. He writes: "I am a Christian, and I believe in the resurrection of the body. I do not believe in the immortality of the soul, but I do believe in the resurrection of the body. I do not believe in the resurrection of the soul, but I do believe in the resurrection of the body."

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS
Milwaukee. There were over 2000 people in attendance at the meeting of the Union Society, held on the 1st of October. The speakers were well received, and the audience was greatly interested.

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